

# Jay-Z

## "Drop It Like It's Hot (Remix)"

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[Hook]: [Pharell]

Spin around ma  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
Spendin money mang  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
Spin around mommy  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
Drop, drop, like it's hot  
I got the rollie on my arm  
And I'm pourin saun dan  
And I roll the best weed  
'Cause I got it goin on

[Verse: 1 - Pharrell]

No steroids can make you hit what I'm pitching  
Chef boy-ar-P is back in the kitchen  
You niggas is scratchin, my niggas is itchen  
Don't keep "Pacin" but these dudes blow they "Pistons"  
Yes, nigga, P stands for polish  
None of y'all is fuckin with he, and this is obvious  
I'm Ron Artest, layin down to your garbage  
While my niggas in the street pushin shit like Ben  
Wallace  
And any ya'll could get it, even fans in the stands  
These guns is a sun, you'll catch a tan with ya man  
I'm no cheeto, trust this is real/rio  
Everything is grand? nothing is poquito  
Securitys behind me, with the torpedo  
'Cause the wrist stay frigid  
How you say it? Fr?o  
Or where I'm from, in Virginia, we say ch-ill  
And the ends also quarter million for each whe-el

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

I got hatas on my j-iz-ock, plus the frickin c-iz-ops  
All of whom want to hit me with sh-iz-ots til I dr-iz-op  
Thank God for hip hop, or I be in the b-iz-ox, uh  
Jail or casket, either way you r-iz-ot

But now I'm so fresh you could smell me through a  
ziplock  
Mr. S d-iz-ot, it's not gon' st-iz-op  
Too much pizzas for these piss-ass niggas to get past  
Too cool for c-iz-ops to cuff his iz-ass  
Snitch-ass they made, they can't get the boy  
These niggas givin' out cases like a liquore store  
Runnin' to the DA tryin' to get me for it  
All the money it made, I'm like forget the law  
I'm not 'fr-iz-aid, it J-iz-ay homie you got pl-iz-ayed  
Take it like a man, the flow ran you off the st-iz-age (go  
sit down)  
Wastin' ya time tryin' to sue S. tell ya lawyer  
"Take that civil case and drop it like it's hot"

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Snoop Dogg]

((World Wide))

International, nah I'm universal  
But you a gangsta, how you get to do commercials?  
With them big wheels, yeah cuz you do it big  
I stay real, stay sharp, and tell it like it is  
I never fake the funk, niggas know I ain't no punk  
They want beef? Yeah cuz, pop the trunk  
We go all the way, we do it lifesize  
Now my life right, 'cause my wife on my right side  
Yeah, and she protecting my interest  
Now I'm on the move they got me hoppin' these fences  
Ay little homie your defence is defencless  
A pimp apprentice  
Now come here princess (Come here, come here)  
I know ya tired of the chit-chatter  
It really don't matta it's like a seesaw platter  
I check money, check niggas, check bitches  
Now drop it like you ass on swit-ches [Ziip]

[Hook]

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